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## GOOD-BYE SWEET WORLD!

Good-bye, sweet world! to me so passing fair,  
Despite the misery, the want and sin  
That shadow sunlight and make foul the air  
Beyond the flower-wall that shuts me in.

To me thy sunny side didst ever turn,  
Since of this mortal life I first drew breath;  
But not the best thou hadst to give couldst  
Ought of defense against the serpent—  
Death!

In this last hour of passionate regret  
My heart doth cling to thee in fond farewell;  
Thy smiling face hath power to charm me yet,  
Thy changing joys still hold me in their spell.

From the far land to which I soon must pass,  
Shall I not turn with home-stick longing here,  
To see again in spring the green grass—  
To hear the birds sing greeting to the year?

Where, all undimmed, the sun in glory shines,  
No cool, gray clouds upon the hills will rest;  
Or breaking, send the rain in slanting lines  
To wake the daisies on the earth's warm breast.

In that bright region of eternal day,  
Thou summer moon no more my eyes will meet,  
Pouring, midst pleadsies and milky way,  
Thy lucid, silvery radiance to my feet.

Shall I not sigh for evening's quiet close,  
Where there doth come no night to follow morn—  
To taste the fragrance of the dew-damp rose,  
Or pluck pale lilies in the dawn?

Will not the youthful spirit shrink apart,  
With sense of strangeness in a world unknown?  
Can those long dead there satisfy my heart,  
Whose memory the years have overgrown?

Where Seraphim and Cherubim do rove  
In joyful union—a shining band—  
No well-known face to seek with eager eye,  
Nor feel the clasp of a familiar hand.

Savior! Lord! receive my doubting soul,  
Home, kindred, friends I lose, to find in  
Thy spirit hold in Thy supreme control,  
Content to rest through all eternity!

—Clara Grandy Deane, in Good Housekeeping.

## AFRICAN DWARFS.

Facts Concerning the Smallest People Extant.

Interesting Accounts by Explorers—Their Varied Peculiarities and Mode of Life—Skillful Hunters and Savage Fighters.

None of the remarkable discoveries made by explorers in the depths of Africa has ever excited deeper interest than Schweinfurth's vivid description of the Akka dwarfs whom he found in the northeastern part of the Congo basin. Living among tribes of splendid physical development, these little people, from four feet to four feet six inches in height, are noted for their courage and agility, for their prowess as hunters, and for their unusual dexterity in the use of the bow and spear. In a recent lecture in London Prof. Flower, director of the Natural History Museum, described them as the smallest people in the world, and expressed the opinion, now generally held, that they and their relatives south of the Congo are pigmies who were known to the Greeks, and of whom Herodotus and Aristotle gave descriptions that were long believed to be fanciful.

The industry of four great travelers, who took up the work of exploration where Stanley left it, has now supplied us with considerable information about the remarkable Batwa dwarfs, who are spread in little communities through the densely wooded regions south of the great northern bend of the Congo. They have been found in districts about four hundred miles apart and in much of the intervening regions that are still little known. They have been studied by Wolf, near the Lulua river, still further east by Wissmann in the interminable forests which sunlight hardly penetrates north of the Sanikuru, by Grenfell and Von Francois on the Bussara and Tchuapa rivers, and by Grenfell on the Lubliah, southwest of Stanley Falls. These discoveries were made in the years 1885 and 1886, but the explorers were too busy accumulating facts to prepare them for public perusal, and we have had only the most fragmentary allusions to these unique and interesting little folks until the writings of Wolf, Wissmann and Von Francois were published in Germany this summer.

One day Dr. Wolf was pushing through the forests east of the Lulua river, when he suddenly came upon a little glade in which were about twenty tumbledown beehive huts, the homes of the Batwa. He had seen a few of these little people, kept as hunters at the towns of big chiefs, but this was the first time he had met them in their own poorly cared for villages. Some of them could speak the language of the Bakuba, the great tribe which claims this region, but they were so awestruck by the white man's sudden advent that they would hardly utter a word. A crowd of nearly a hundred coffee-brown little folks, none of them larger than children two-thirds grown, stood timidly at a distance and surveyed the visitors in wonder. Dr. Wolf won their confidence so far at last that they permitted him to approach, and, unobserved by the natives, he took the heights of many of them on a spear shaft. These and later measurements by Dr. Wolf of full-grown adults vary from four feet three inches to four feet seven and one-half inches. The average height, according to the several authorities, seems to be about four feet five inches. Unlike the Akka, the Batwa are not unusually prognathous, nor have they disproportionately large abdomens, but they are compact, well-built little creatures, without any physical peculiarity except their small size. Lieutenant Wissmann, however, received quite an unfavorable impression of the Batwa from the few specimens he saw among the Bassoanga, whom he describes as dwelling in tiny huts, despised by their neighbors, ill-shaped, and woe-begone specimens of humanity.

All through the great forest region

may be found these nomad hunters. In little bands of eight or more families they build their grass huts wherever game is plentiful, live, there a few months and then move on to other hunting grounds. Here and there in the woods they dig pits about eight feet deep, which they cover with branches and turf, and in these traps they catch elephants, hippopotami and buffaloes, which are often impaled upon sharp stakes driven into the bottom of the pits. They also hunt large game with the bow and spear. They can not kill an elephant at once with their weapons, but they seldom lose an animal they once wound. Von Francois says that, lying in ambush, they attack the largest game, and follow it if necessary for days. Whenever the wounded animal halts it becomes the target for a fresh shower of spears, and finally, weakened by loss of blood it falls an easy prey. The cunning pigmies incur small loss of weapons in these long chases after elephants and buffaloes. Their arrow and spear heads are barbed and can not drop out of the wound, neither do they lose the spear shafts, for they are fastened by stout cords to the head, and if the animal in his flight brushes against trees, the shafts, instead of falling to the ground, merely dangle against his sides.

It is not usual for explorers to find the Batwa timid and uncommunicative, like the first villagers that Dr. Wolf met. They have earned the reputation of being very ugly and pugnacious little fellows. In war they use poisoned arrows. They take the warpath at night, steal noisily up to the sleeping village of the enemy, fire the huts, and kill the people with arrows and spears by the light of their burning houses. Their fallen foes and their prisoners become food at cannibal feasts, for the Batwa, like the Akka, are numbered among the anthropophagi of Africa. Their fame as fighters has traveled far, and the natives who accompanied Grenfell and Von Francois were panic-stricken when they first saw a dwarf. One of their peculiarities is the fact that on their numerous marches they do not sleep by camp fires at night, like other natives, but stretch themselves on the branches of trees, which they clasp with arms and legs, and there peacefully and safely slumber, out of the reach of wild beasts.

"Don't go near the dwarfs," was the admonition of the Congo natives to Grenfell. "They permit no one to enter their country. They poison their weapons. They are the ugliest of mortals, and have great heads with bearded chins upon the smallest of bodies." Sure enough, Grenfell and Von Francois found beard on the face of a dwarf, but the heads of the dwarfs are not disproportionately large, and their features not especially ugly. Unlike the Akka, who are nearly naked, the Batwa wear a wide strip of native cloth around their loins. Unskilled in any arts, save those of war and the chase, they chiefly depend for their weapons, their grain and vegetables upon the tribes of large people near whom they live, most of whom acknowledge their inferiority as hunters to the Batwa, and gladly encourage them to barter their loads of game for products of the garden, brass wire and beads. The Batwa use these European commodities to buy wives, and throughout the wide region they inhabit they are thus becoming gradually merged with the surrounding people. Not a few communities of pure Batwa have been found, but mixed breeds are also common. The Batwa and the Akka, it is believed, are the remnants of a once very numerous race, and both are gradually dying out, victims of the more powerful tribes around them and of their inferior attainments in the arts of living. Many of the Batwa children die for lack even of such imperfect care as most savage mothers give their offspring. There seems to be little maternal affection, and in flight the tiny mothers have often been known to abandon their babies to their fate.

At the furthest points reached on both the Bussara and Tchuapa rivers, about two hundred and fifteen miles apart, the continued advance of the little steamer Peace was rendered impossible by the frantic hostility of the Batwa and their neighbors. Von Francois, one of the most graphic writers and accomplished geographers who have visited Africa makes a lively picture of the howling little demons on the shores of the Bussara, showing hundreds of arrows that, slily with poison, dashed against the steel net-work which protected the steamer or stuck in the wooden sun roof. He gives us a vivid idea of the agility and acrobatic accomplishments of these people two hundred and fifteen miles away on the Tchuapa. He saw the little warriors clambering along precipitous slopes above the river, where there seemed hardly a foothold; saw them swinging like monkeys from limb to limb of trees, and climbing out on branches overhanging the water so that they might speed their arrows at shorter range against the puffing and impertinent monster that had dared to intrude upon the privacy of the little folks. He heard their ear-splitting yells, which were wholly out of proportion to their physical insignificance. Grenfell is a man of peace, and, unlike some other explorers, he did not choose to shoot lead at them. A few black cartridges, however, had an excellent moral effect when the enemy took to encoos and seemed bent on making a prize of the little vessel.

What is the past history of these most unique and extraordinary of African races? We are not likely to have a complete answer to this question. As yet we have had only a glimpse of them, and the study of their languages, traditions and habits may throw light upon their past. All our present evidence points to the probability that they have descended from the earliest inhabitants of the continent. We know something of the migrations of the tribes around them, and there may yet be found evidence to show the correctness of the hypothesis that the Akka north and the Batwa south of the Congo, the Doko, of Abyssinia; the Obongo, of the Gabon, and the bushmen, of South Africa, are remnants of one great family.—N. Y. Sun.

## DEVICES FOR CRIPPLES.

New Methods of Supplying the Defects of a Not Too Generous Nature.

"No matter how badly a person may be crippled, he or she is well able to travel about without being a bother to any one in these days of progress."

"Suppose the unfortunate has no arms or legs, how then?" inquired a listener.

"Just the same," retorted the first speaker, a manufacturer of mechanical appliances for cripples.

"Except in very rare cases, unless a person is actually bedridden, there is no reason why they should not be able to move about anywhere. Why, in a short while we will have ready for the market a new idea in the line of invalid chairs. It will be so constructed that the occupant, although possessed of only one hand, will be able to wheel himself up or down stairs by simply turning a crank. The crank will set in operation four wooden legs, with clinchers made of rubber on the feet, which will grip the stairs as it ascends or descends. In like manner the occupant will not have to be assisted in boarding a street car or even a railroad train. The chair is not cumbersome at all, as all the clock-like machinery is stowed away in a small box underneath the seat. Only the very wealthy will be in a position to benefit from this idea, however, as it is a very expensive arrangement. Another chair that promises to have a wide field is one especially constructed for persons having no arms or legs. It is moved by a sort of side swinging of the body. Then there are chairs for use on steamboats, in the woods and even for mountain climbing. A fact not generally known is that nearly all the railroad companies have invalid chairs at all their stations along the various routes, and any person desiring the use of one can be accommodated without extra expense. In one of our cheap chairs a person is at liberty to move about at the rate of six miles an hour without any considerable outlay of strength."

"Confirmed invalids who have been forced to lie abed for years may be greatly relieved by means of appliances especially manufactured for such cases. For instance, there are what we call alleviators. These are used for lifting people and suspending them from the ceiling in the canvas net. This is very handy to operate when the bed is being made up or when the patient is able to bear turning about by the nurse. There are also comparatively new inventions. As for the old-fashioned artificial limbs and noses, why, they are being improved upon, and that is all that can be said of them. I shouldn't be surprised if people would be enabled to live with artificial brains pretty soon."

—N. Y. Mail and Express.

## Specific Education.

Mr. Vanderbilt pays his cook \$10,000 a year, my boy, which is a great deal more than you or I earn—or at least it is a great deal more than we get—because he can cook. That is all. Presumably because he can cook better than any other man in America. That is all. If Monsieur Saucepain could cook tolerably well, and shoot a little, and speak three languages tolerably well, and keep books fairly, and sing some, and understand gardening pretty well, and could preach a fair sort of a sermon, and know something about horses and could telegraph a little, and could do light porter's work, and could read proof tolerably, and could do plain house and sign painting, and could help on a threshing machine, and know enough law to practice in the justice's courts of Kickapoo township, and had once run for the Legislature, and knew how to weigh hay, he wouldn't get \$10,000 a year for it. He gets that just because he knows how to cook, and it wouldn't make a cent's difference in his salary if he thought the world was flat and that it went around its orbit on wheels. There's nothing like knowing your business clear through, my boy, from wither to hock, whether you know any thing else or not. What's the good of knowing every thing? Only the sophomores are omniscient.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

—Pullman Porter—"You will please give me your ticket before retiring, sir." Farmer Oatcake (returning from New York, his first trip on a sleeper)—"Give ye my ticket after retiring, eh? Not much, sir! I've heard enough about you fellers. Here, ye can have what money I have left, but I'm hanged if I'll give up my only means of gettin' home."—Puck.

—Nervous passenger—"And are you sure there is no danger, officer?" Officer—"Not a bit. The captain's just gone to take a nap because it's too foggy to see any thing."—Litt.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Mrs. Bishop Warren gives \$100,000 to endow a theological school in connection with Denver University.

—Rev. Augustus Totten, the only colored Catholic priest in this country, is the pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Quincy, Ill.

—Rev. Walter L. Huffman, of Peru, Ind., has married over 1,200 couples and preached 1,800 funeral services. His surpasses the record of any other clergyman in the State.

—Lord Carnarvon is urging that the Anglican churches ought to be open on week-days for private worship, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and the other churchmen agree with him.

—Kentucky has six counties—Harrison, Knott, Perry, Letcher, Bell and Leslie—that have never had a church within their borders during the sixty or seventy years of their existence as counties.

—Germany is doing considerable foreign missionary work now-days. It has eighteen societies and supports 522 missionaries, who look after their 210,000 converts. Last year the total receipts in money were over \$700,000.

—A rector writes to the *Guardian* that a "calibrate order among the clergy is one of the imperative necessities of the time," the reason being "the impossibility of supporting a wife and family upon the ordinary income of a curate."

—The brother who murmured in his heart against God while the drought lasted, but did not thank him for the blessed rain when it came, is very much like the rest of us—ready to ascribe all troubles to Providence and all blessings to chance.—*Christian Advocate*.

—Bishop Vladimir, the new Russian Bishop of California, Alaska and Aleutian Islands, brought to this country a full choir of forty voices. The new Bishop is transferred to the United States from Japan, and his special work will be to improve the now wretched condition of the Creoles and Indians in Alaska.

—John Carswell, a deacon of the Scotch National church at Bloomsbury, Eng., was recently fined five dollars in a police court for assaulting the wife of Johnson, a village painter, in the church. The evidence was that he struck her with the pedestal of the offertory box and pushed her so that she became ill and had to leave the church. The assault was the part of a row between the church officials and the pastor, Rev. J. Mackie.

—Philadelphia has a new religious sect whose title is fearfully and wonderfully constructed. It is "The Ecclesia of Israel; the Cypis of Worshipping Congregation of Our Father's Kingdom on Earth." They have revised the opening sentences of the Lord's Prayer so that they read: "Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy hand of power our soul do foster. Thine ear of love our prayers do hear; Thy voice of light illumine our feet; unto Thy house our steps we bend, eternally with Thee to spend; Thy kingdom has come; now let Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

—According to a London contemporary, among the offers recently received for mission work was one from "a married man with a small family of fourteen," who was quite willing to proceed to China and to leave his family behind him, for a large family he found a "great hindrance to grace." Probably he is going a little too far to find grace. If he would stay home and look after his family perhaps he would secure more of the precious article than by abandoning his family for a foreign trip. This declaration recalls the disinterested patriotism of the late Artemus Ward, who was willing to sacrifice his wife's relations in the war.—*Christian at Work*.

## THOROUGH CULTIVATION.

Condemnation of a Practice That Many Authorities Condemn.

The cultivation of various farm crops is beginning to receive intelligent attention. The idea that corn or potatoes or other crops do not need cultivation because there are no weeds is a mistake, or that in plowing or cultivating the roots of the crops ought to be broken, and the more that are broken the better, is another mistake. Or that we ought to use a bull tongue plow and run deep and close to the corn until the last plowing, and then turn the soil to the corn and bill it up well, splitting out the middle, is another mistake. The neglect to plow or two weeks, or let it go altogether, is another mistake. Such mistakes lose all the profit that there is in farming.

The soil needs stirring every few days, especially after each rainfall as soon as it is in condition. If made fine and level it acts as a mulch to retain the moisture.

As to breaking the roots, let every one with a thumbnail of sense ask himself the question: What do plants grow roots for? Answer: To support and mature the stalk and seed. Does the breaking of them facilitate their office work? Certainly not. First of all the soil needs breaking deep, and thorough pulverization. After in cultivation the soil should be kept in the best possible condition to promote the growth of the roots, retain all needed moisture and admit the circulation of the air through the surface soil. In doing this the weeds should be destroyed, but the soil stirred whenever it needs it, be it ever so clean of weeds.—*Drainage Journal*.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mrs. Amelia Barr, the writer, is described as a nice old lady with white hair.

—Margaret Sangster, the poet, has the reputation of being one of the clearest-eyed and most sensible of her sex.

—With the exception of the composing room Jennie June has worked in every department of a newspaper office.

—The two sons of Joel Chandler Harris, Julian and Lucien, are called "Brer Fox" and "Brer Rabbit" by their friends.

—Helen Mathers, the English authoress, wrote the novel which made her reputation in the hope of bringing back her lover, who had left her in a fit of anger.

—George W. Childs, the Philadelphia editor, keeps three houses always in readiness for occupancy. He can sleep, therefore, in Philadelphia, at Long Branch, or at Bryn Mawr, and still be at home. He stops at any of his homes just as the fancy seizes him.

—A. W. Longfellow, brother of the late poet, is a prominent figure in Portland, Me. He closely resembles his famous brother, both in manner and person. He is nearly seventy years of age. He is described as a great literary student, spending a large part of his time in his study.

—Mrs. Julia D. Grant is reported to have received from the General's book about \$450,000, and has a pension of \$5,000 from the Nation. She also has the income from the \$250,000 raised by George Jones from Jay Gould, James Gordon Bennett and others. She also has the income from \$100,000 raised by George W. Childs. In other words, she has the income on not far from \$1,000,000.

—M. Zola, in an interview on the subject of journalism, ridiculed the opinion that the work of a newspaper man is a pastime. The public, he said, were inclined to believe that journalists passed their time in cafes, drinking places and boudoirs. In his own experience, newspaper life consisted of earnest work. The amount turned out in the course of a single year by a single journalist was truly amazing.

—At the San Francisco public library they give every one who enters a red ticket, without which he can not get out again. When he gets a book at the desk he gives up his ticket to the librarian, and it is returned to him when he hands in the book. By this plan, as ingenious as it is simple, anybody may safely be permitted to draw as many books for reading as he chooses, with the certainty that he can not carry any of them off with him.

## HUMOROUS.

—"Was Rome founded by Romeo?" inquired the pupil of the teacher. "No, my son," replied the wise man; "it was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."

—Surprised Dame—"What! And you have refused Mr. DeGoode?" I thought you liked him." "Lovely Daughter—"I did, but 'none of the other girls seemed to care a snap for him."

—Irate dog owner—"What did you kick my dog for?" Citizen—"He's mad." Dog owner—"No, he isn't mad." Citizen—"Well, I'd be mad if any one kicked me that way."—*The Cartoon*.

—"That's it!" exclaimed Mrs. Bascom at the concert, as the singers came out again in response to an encore. "Make 'em do it over again until they get the thing right."—*Burlington Free Press*.

—"Be mine," he cried, with voice surcharged with anguish. "If you refuse me I shall die!" That was forty years ago, and the heartless girl refused him. Yesterday he died. Girls, beware.—*Binghamton Republican*.

—"You are much taller than you were a year ago," said a gentleman to a friend. "Yes; I have reformed; that makes me taller." "And how is that?" "Well, as I have reformed I have become necessarily more upright."

—Dora—"How did you fetch him at last, dear?" Laura—"I told him I'd about made up my mind to become a Sister of Mercy." Dora—"How did that affect him?" Laura—"He asked me if I wouldn't practice on him as my first unfortunate."—*Time*.

—At sea, on his yacht, with a fair lady by him. He asked for a kiss, but she chose to deny him. "Not here," cried the lady, in tones full of mirth. "Though I have not the slightest objection on earth."—*Harper's Bazar*.

—Young Jacob (from the back room)—"Fadder, fadder, dot baby has tumbled out of dot window?" Mr. Isaacstein—"Mein Gott! In Himmel, vas dot so?" (To customer)—"I sell you dot coat for sayventeen tollar, and I never dake a cent less. Vot you giff?"—N. Y. Sun.

—Must Get Her Money Back—Customer (to fruit-seller)—"How much for the plums, aunty?" Aunty—"Penny a piece, sah." Customer—"That's very high for plums, aunty; can't you let me have four for five cents?" Aunty—"No, sah; dem plums cost me 'n' dat."—*Epoch*.

—Scene at the Barracks—Pitou, on returning from battalion drill, strolls along the corridors shouting with might and main: "Left wheel, forward march-right!" Adjutant Friston (opening the door)—"Four days' guard-room to Private Pitou for initiating the Captain's parade by bawling like a donkey."—*La Patrie Illustrée*.

## WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

### A STRIKE.

Once upon an evening dreary,  
As I pondered, sad and weary,  
O'er the basket with the mending from the wash the day before;  
As I thought of countless stickles  
To be placed in little breeches,  
Rose my heart rebellious in me, as it oft had done before.

At the fate that doth condemn me, when my daily task was o'er,  
To that basket evermore.

John, with not a sign or motion,  
Sat and read the *Times* and *Notes*,  
With no thought of the commotion  
Which within me rankled sore.  
"He," thought I, "when day is ended,  
Has no stockings to be mended,  
Has no babies to be tended,  
He can sit and read and snore;  
He can sit and read and rest him;  
Must I work thus evermore?  
And my heart rebellious answered,  
"Nevermore; no, nevermore."

For though I am but a woman,  
Every nerve within is human,  
Aching, throbbing, overworked,  
Mind and body sick and sore,  
I will strike. When day is ended,  
Though the stockings are not mended,  
Though my course can't be defended,  
Safe behind the closet door.  
Goos the basket with the mending, and I'll hauled be no more.

In the daylight shall be crowded all the work that I will do;  
When the evening lamps are lighted, I will read the papers, too.

### SURPLUS WOMEN.

Working Widows in New England—How the Excess of Female Population is Created in Various Parts of the Union—An Industrious Class.

Goethe says that in order to cause a thing to be believed, it is only necessary to keep saying it over and over until the public ear gets thoroughly used to it. It is only in this way that one can explain the curious manner in which certain preposterous exaggerations come to be accepted, and with constant enlargement. The excess of women in our older States, for instance, keeps growing larger and larger in the newspapers. This is not so strange, but when we find an educated Boston physician, in what purports to be a serious work—vouched for, moreover, by a New York physician and a Boston clergyman—putting the excess of women in Massachusetts at 120,000, it shakes one's confidence in the common-sense of the community. As a matter of fact, the actual excess of women in Massachusetts, by the census of 1880, was not much more than half this number, being 66,305. The total number of the male population of that State, as then recorded, was 858,440, and of the female population 924,645. (Compendium of Census, p. 8.)

It has been shown by the returns of the Massachusetts census that this excess of women does not largely consist, as was once supposed, of the unmarried, nor yet of the unmarried or the divorced, but that it consists almost wholly of widows. By the State census of 1875, when the excess of women was 63,146, it appears that the excess of widows over widowers in Massachusetts was 52,908, thus accounting for nearly the whole excess of women over men. (Compendium of Massachusetts Census, p. 33.) This large number of widows is explained in manufacturing towns by the fact that they seek support for themselves and their children in the mills; in seaport towns, by the large mortality among sailors and fishermen, so that a single gale on the Banks may leave fifty widows; and in the State as a whole by the fact that it is one of the older States from which many young men have gone westward, and that in the event of their death their widows and children are very apt to return to the old nest. To this may be added the influence of the schools and colleges of Massachusetts, which bring many women there to educate their children. In a street with which the writer is familiar, in that State, there are seventeen houses, of which eight are occupied by widows; and four of these ladies have come into Massachusetts within a few years, either for the education of their children or to assist in the education of the children of other people. If this is the case in one short street of a suburban city, it will not take long to make up such instances to many thousands. Under these circumstances some of the surplus women of a State must certainly be counted to its credit; they create the presumption that it is a community which attracts those who have families of children to be educated on moderate means.

In general the presence of many surplus women shows a State to possess manufacturing industries. Of the other New England States, Connecticut has 11,131 surplus women, Rhode Island 10,471, New Hampshire 5,939. All these are manufacturing States; but in Maine, where there are fewer manufactures, the sexes are almost equally balanced, there being but 820 more on the female side of the account; while in Vermont, which is essentially an agricultural State, there are 1,488 more men than women. In New York State the excess of women is greater than in Massachusetts, and amounts to 72,227; while in New Jersey it is 10,772, and in Pennsylvania but 9,581. There is also an excess of female population in Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, and the District of Columbia; but not in any of the North-western or Pacific States, or in the Territories. As the local census of these States have rarely been taken so thoroughly as in Massachusetts, it is difficult to tell whether the same proportion holds as to widows and single women. But probably the same facts to employment would prevail through the various States; and when we see a large excess of women in any community we can be pretty sure that most of them have gravitated thither in search of employment, or for the opportunity

## of education, or because of the associations of their early home.

And this preponderance of widows refutes the impression commonly held—and expressly suggested by the medical writer above quoted—that "who are in the industrial ranks because no man hath married them." In the case of the widows, at least, they are in the industrial ranks because some man hath married them, but has not had the strength or the continued life to support them. Nay, farther, they are there because the fact of matrimony has encumbered them with others to be supported. If every woman could go through life with only the responsibility of supporting herself, even with a mother and a sister or two thrown in, she would be guaranteed a comparatively easy time of it; but it is this necessity of being both father and mother to a group of small children that wears most upon her. Of the surplus of widows over widowers, as reported in Massachusetts, it is safe to say that more than a third—twenty thousand at least—have offspring dependent upon them. Their actual position refutes utterly the theory which is used so frequently that it is not needful to train women for self-support, but that we should train the men to take care of the women. No doubt the husbands of this vast army of widows would have done this had fate permitted; but the question is, who is to do it now?

So long as these women do the duty thus thrown upon them, they may be "surplus women," but they are as far as possible from useless. And indeed, when we look at any community that is close around us, it is hard to find really superfluous women anywhere. However it may be in other countries—as in England, where multitudes of families live on some small investment, and make us wonder how they employ themselves—here everybody seems busy, and there are barely enough unoccupied women to fill the temporary vacancies and act as a reserve force in case of need. As we look around, it is difficult to find any woman idle; the ranks are full, and no one is standing out. Even those who are resolutely indolent, or have thrown away their opportunities, are often men than women, and for those willing to work there are constantly arising such new occasions as to leave hardly any do-nothing class. Tested by what we see in any special community where we make observation, it can safely be said of the women who seem to be in excess that they are surplus only, not superfluous.—*Harper's Bazar*.

## SUFFRAGE SELECTIONS.

TOWNS has no less than ten women county school superintendents.

TWELVE States have given women the right of suffrage on the school question.

THE Government needs woman because she is different from man, and views things from a different standpoint, and only by the combined counsel of the two can the best results be attained.—*Mrs. C. A. Dunham*.

ONE reason why I favor woman suffrage is because we should have more Christian voters if the women were allowed to vote. I would rather see a woman walk up to a ballot-box and deposit her vote than the debauched cattle of the bar-room.—*Rev. Sam Jones*.

OUR laws about divorce, about dower, about defense against a husband's squandering of estates, about the holding of property, will never be what they ought to be until there are a great number of women with sovereign legal acumen, able to shape statutes and confront courts on these questions.—*Dr. Talmage*.

WE need conscience in politics, and that is the element women can infuse; and where one man now is influenced by woman's love and sympathy, or swayed by her wonderful "scepter," a thousand might be influenced by her vote. It is work for humanity. Why need the distinctions of sex be made to appear?—*Farmer's Friend*.

OUT of the 20,000 patents given out during the year 1900 are granted to women. Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire have produced a number of women inventors, and their patents are of all kinds, from dust-pans to fire-escapes. New York ladies rank well as inventors, and Iowa and Illinois have each their quota. There are a number of Ohio patents, and Missouri and California make a fair showing.

IT will hardly be claimed that law can do nothing toward discouraging vice or encouraging virtue. This being the case, it is not wonderful that women who find the law exerting a direct influence for harm upon their children should wish they had the power themselves to exert a direct influence upon the law.—*Alice Stone Blackwell*.

ONE thousand one hundred and eighty-one young women and girls attended the free day and evening classes connected with the Young Women's Christian Association in New York last year. There are free classes in stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, commercial arithmetic, business training, drawing, modeling and designing, retouching photo negatives, physical culture, choir music and dress-making.

NOW that woman suffrage is to be an issue, and seriously discussed, its advance must be rapid. There can be but one result. Lincoln said this nation could not long exist half slave and half free, and it must be as plain that a government by the people is something of a farce when half of them are debarred from taking any active part in the government, by reason of constitutional provisions made by the other half.—*Edith B. Hayes, in Boston Globe*.